

To Brave Fire

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Category: Brave, 2012, How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Fantasy, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Merida

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-18 04:14:31

Updated: 2013-08-01 14:42:26

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:36:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 4,269

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "She stared at the boy in front of her, her bright, blue eyes trying to read his thoughts. What went on in his mind? He turned to her, an amused smile on his face, his green eyes light up with excitement, "Ya know, it's not polite to stare." She crossed her arms over her chest and pouted throwing herself back against her chair. He infuriated her so much at times!" ON HOLD!

1. Chapter 1

To Brave Fire

A teenage boy with shaggy auburn hair stood on a tall hill as he over looked four teens about his age loading a boat that was resting next to the dock in the bay. He smiled sarcastically as the blonde twins - one a boy and one a girl - glared up at him.

"Hiccup!" the long blonde haired boy yelled, "why the hecks aren't ya helpin' us?" The boy and his sister went back to work loading the heavy barrels up onto the boat though still glaring at the auburn haired boy. Hiccup rolled his bright green eyes at the twins about to answer.

"Because," Said a female voice coming up from behind Hiccup and wrapping her thin arms around his waist, "I told him not to work. With that leg o' his he's bound to fall." Kissing his shoulder the girl walked in front of Hiccup smiling up at him, "I wouldn't want my boyfriend falling, now would I?" She whispered in his ear before kissing him gently on the lips and walking down the hill to help the others.

The girl twin rolled her eyes annoyed at the sight of affection from her two friends, "Astrid," she started at the other blonde girl, "I've told you time and time again, you can so do better than Hic." The three boys around the two girls rolled their eyes as they let Astrid into the group to work.

As quietly as the klutzy teenage boy could, Hiccup walked down the white dusted hill to the dock with his friends. Once Astrid's cold blue eyes caught site of the gangly teen she stomped over to him, "Hiccup!" she yelled, her white blonde hair falling into her left eye, "You're going to get hurt. Go back up the hill. It's safer there." Hiccup could hear the three boys who were still loading up the large boat snicker.

He glared over his girlfriends shoulder to the people guilty of laughing at him, "I think I can figure out if something's too dangerous or not Astrid." Hiccup answered her still glaring mainly at his cousin who was leaning again the boat watching them. "Snotlout, get back to work!" he yelled at the brunette his temper starting to get the best of him. "This isn't a comedy sketch for you to watch!"

"Oh, I think it is." Snotlout answered the slightly younger teen in a mocking voice as he crossed his arms over his chest and began to laugh. Astrid turned around glaring at Snotlout darkly, "Okay... So I'll just be going now." He said slowly before running behind the largest of the six teens. "Help me, Fishlegs!" he whispered frantically to the blonde boy.

Fishlegs shook his head, "I think I'd rather sit this one out. I don't like friction." He said timidly looking anywhere but at his friends. Snotlout groaned, rolling his eyes and walked out from behind the larger teen.

"C'mon Astrid," the other blonde girl yelled happily from her paused spot on the dock, "We wanna see ya beat someone up! Ye haven't in forever." She smiled at her brother crookedly before looking back at Astrid.

Hiccup rolled his eyes at the twins as the other one spoke. "Yeah, what Ruffnut said! We wanna see 'Lout get creamed!" His smile grew as he looked over to the cowering brunette who was trying to sneak away slowly. "Where ya goin' Lout? Don ye wanna get beat up by a girl?" All eyes turned toward the teen boy who smiled sheepishly then walked over to where he had been leaning against the boat before.

"Why don't ya shut up Ruffnut?!" Snotlout yelled over to the blonde haired teen.

Ruffnut was about to answer but before he could a very tall and very large red headed Viking walked up between the six teens who were in a deformed circle. "Aye, ye almost done with tae boat yet?" he asked in a hard accent glancing around at the teens. Catching sight of Hiccup he smiled at him, "Hiccup, Ah wan tae see ye mah boy."

Hiccup smiled halfheartedly at the older man and began to follow him to the end of the dock where they would be alone. "Wha' did ya want me for Dad?" Hiccup asked looking up at the red-haired man next to him cautiously, afraid to anger the strong man who had an even stronger temper.

The man who the village folk called Stoick the Vast smiled down at his son, "Ah know yer nervous 'bout goin' tae the Highlands, and Ah jus' wan tae let ye know 'at it'll be all right. Eventually." Hiccup rolled his eyes at his father's try at a pep-talk and smiled

sadly.

"I think the hardest part so far is having all the villagers' askin' me why we're goin' in the first place." Hiccup answered with a sigh looking out over the salty, bay water. "It's gotten them into a frenzy of worrin' and they won't stop bugging me about it."

Stoick slapped a large hand on Hiccup's back - that used to make his knees fall from under him by the force - and smiled largely at the boy, "Aye, but yer tuh son o' the Chief, ye should be used tae this attention." Hiccup rolled his eyes and pushed his father's hand off from his shoulder sighing once more. Yes, for a while after he had defeated the Red Death - a monstrous mother dragon that controlled all other dragons - he was the main island celebrity, but after a few weeks everyone forgot about him and went on to their normal lives. He was still considered the island reject - even if he was the main dragon trainer.

"Dad, ya know I've never been in the spot light for that long a time tah get used to it." Hiccup answered turning around towards the boat that was now ready for them to depart. "And if I have it's always been bad." Hiccup began to walk up the dock, limping once in a while as he went and Stoick followed soon after, mentally preparing themselves for what would be coming soon.

* * *

><p>"Are ye mad?" a teenage girl with fiery red, curly hair sticking out in all directions yelled standing up from her sitting position at the long wood table, glaring at the dark brown haired woman who sat calmly in front of her. "Yer havin' another one o' them games? Ah thought ye said we would'nae be havin' more." She then moved her glare to the man on the other side of the table who had the same fiery hair as herself.<p>

"Don' look at meh!" the man said raising his hands in the air in surrender to his fiery tempered daughter who was glaring daggers at him. He turned toward the three boys sitting on the other side of the teen girl with the same fiery hair, "Why don' we get outa here, aye boys?" he said in a loud whisper to the triplets, "Let yer sister an' mum work 'is out on ter own." The three identical boys nodded at the same time and stood up from the table without making a sound, running out of the giant dinning hall.

"Wher' do ye think yer goin'?" questioned the woman with dark brown hair to the man as he tried to make his get away like the triplets. "Fergus, we have the speak the Merida together." The woman stated to her husband, he sighed, nodded and sat down again.

"Wha' do ye mean?" asked the girl with flaming curls and bright blue eyes looking from her mother to her father. "Tell meh what?" her mother sighed and nodded to her father as she began again.

"We have gotten letters from all three clans saying that they will be able to come to the games. This games are not like the ones we had fer yer suitors, these are fer ye, just like we had every year fer yer birthday till ye were thirteen. Wha' do ye think Merida?" Her mother stated happily, waiting for her daughter to respond to the idea.

Merida smiled broadly, "Well, if it's just fer fun, why not?" Merida said laughing as relieve washed over her. She wouldn't be forced to merry someone she didn't know again.

"We also have received a letter from tae people north o' us. They'll be visitin' and inquiring us of something. When they get here, Merida, I want ye on yer best behavior." Merida rolled her eyes but nodded none-the-less.

"Ye should be tellin' 'at tae tah boys" Merida answered back as she stood up from the table, "Am goin' out riding on Angus a little b'fore dark." As she got to the large wood doors of the dinning room, she turned back to her mother and father, "G'bye Mum, Da." Fergus and Elinor smiled at their daughter as she disappeared to the other side of the door, then smiled at each other, ready to brave the next day.

2. Chapter 2

CHAPTER 2

Astrid approached Hiccup wearily, "Hey Hiccup," she asked. He was standing on the dock in front of the boat he would be sailing on in just moments. "I know tis isn't what ya wanta' hear before you leave to do Thor knows what in the highlands, but I think we should break up." Hiccup stood in shock at the blonde in front of him, his green eyes begging her blue ones to look up at him.

"Um, okay." Hiccup said dumbly, still trying to find the right words, "May I ask why?" He inquired of the girl in front of him. She smiled sadly and looked up at him, or actually right above his head.

"I just don't think we've been workin' out lately." She said sighing like she was doing extra work, "I think it would be better for both of us if we just went our separate ways." She put her arms out and pulled Hiccup into a bone crushing hug, "Go an' meet a sweet girl while ya gone. I'll see ya 'round." Letting go of Hiccup, Astrid walked away back into the heavy crowd of villagers waiting for the off of the ship.

Hiccup stared after the blonde girl in confusion, his mind working over time. He was supposed to feel sad, to feel heart broken, but in reality, he didn't at all. He almost felt... relieved. Hiccup felt almost as if something heavy had been lifted from his shoulders. Of course he still felt that tinge in his heart, he had loved Astrid for years, but it wasn't the same anymore.

"Well son," Stoick said coming up from behind Hiccup off the boat. "Ye almost ready?" Hiccup smiled at his father turning his head slightly to the side to see the older man. He nodded, not sure he could use his voice properly and walked up to the large black beast that had just ran down from the hill.

Hiccup smiled largely and held out his hand toward the giant winged creature, "Toothless, you ready bud?" The creature snorted and purred gently, leaning into Hiccups out stretched hand. Taking his hand away, Hiccup pulled a helmet with a visor out of a pocket on the side of Toothless' saddle and placed it on his head. Patting the creatures head, Hiccup pulled his one good leg over Toothless and placed

himself comfortably on the brown and black saddle.

He latched his metal leg into a slot just big enough to fit it that was connected to Toothless' saddle and to his tail. A clicking sound came from the ropes and gears connecting the metal leg to the red fabric on Toothless' tail as Hiccup pushed his leg forward. The black creature opened its large expanse of wings and jumped off the ground.

"Don' go too far from the boat." Stoick shouted up to his son from the now moving boat with a smile on his face. He rubbed his own blue, scaly beast next to him, "An' keep 'at dragon under control!" Hiccup turned his head around, looking back at his father and smiled broadly. Stoick knew, without him saying anything, that Hiccup wouldn't listen to him.

Stoick shook his head, "'At boy is gonna be tah death o' meh." He mumbled quietly before getting on the large mouthed dragon next to him and taking off after the young teenage boy.

Merida rolled over in her sleep on her large queen size bed, her dream filled head, full of images of the forest and the Fire Falls. She groaned as the sun began to peak through her window and into her shut eyes. She turned again, only to fall off of the edge of her soft bed and onto the hard wood floor, her fiery red hair covering her face and tickling her awake.

"Argh!" She yelled standing up and trying to stretch out her now sore back, "Ah just wan' a day where Ah can sleep 'till after sunrise!" Merida paced slightly, trying to free her tangled feet from the sheets and blankets that had fallen off the bed with her. She looked at her bed to see most all the covers thrown somewhere around her large room and groaned again.

Stepping out of the trap of pillows and sheets she straightened her long white night gown and frowned when she saw her blue and gold dress on the ground along with the white sheets. It was her special gown, one she only had to wear on the first day that the lords came to visit, but Merida still hated it non-the-less. The way the dress would fit around her, it made it so it was hard to breathe, let alone walk.

Just as Merida was about to kick the blue and gold gown her mother walked in with a disapproving look on her face, "A princess doesn't kick dresses, Merida." The dark-haired woman said crossing her arms over her chest and huffing similar to her daughter. Merida glared at the older woman before bending down and picking up the offending piece of clothing with two fingers.

"But it's so horrible!" Merida whined loudly throwing the dress onto her empty bed. It landed without a noise in a flash of blue white and gold. "Why can't Ah wear mah normal gown?" She threw herself on her bed next to the gown and groaned loudly, staring up at the wood ceiling she rolled her eyes before turning over onto her stomach to stare at the bear themed head board.

"Ye have the wear yer special gown because the people from the north are comin' the-day." The Queen stated, frantically picking up Merida's bed covers and throwing them in a ball onto her bed. "So hurry an' get dressed."

Merida perked her head up in surprise, "But they weren't supposed to be here fer another two days." She stated matter-of-factly rolling off the bed and grabbing the ugly dress. Her mother stopped in her tracks at the door, also in surprise.

"Ah know, but they're here early, somehow." The Queen stated before opening the heavy wooden door and walking out into the hall closing it behind her. "Get dressed an' meet the family in tah thrown room." She said through the door before walking down the hall to get Merida's brothers ready.

"O' course they would lie," Merida grumbled as she began to undress, "They're Viking's. No Viking would ever tell the truth." After shimmying into the tight dress, Merida looked out her window and sighed, annoyed. Turning around, she marched out of her room and down the hall into the kitchen to get a quick snack before shuffling into the giant throne room at the front of their castle.

Entering the throne room, she noticed her mother and father already in their seats waiting for their four children. Merida smiled at the king and queen before sitting next to the King on the side furthest to right. A moment later, her three younger brothers clambered into the great room and sat down in the bench next to her, falling over each other in the process.

"When will they get here?" Merida whined peering over her father to see her mother clearly. The big man was very hard to see around and it took all Merida's might not to stand up to see her mother on the other side of him.

Her mother rolled her eyes and looked at the giant double wood doors of the throne room the shrugged, "Tey should bae arivin' shortly." She stated sitting back in her chair to wait patiently. Merida rolled her eyes much like her mother and huffed, throwing herself against the back of her large wood chair in an annoyed fashion.

Her father spoke then, a small smile on his face, "Tey should bae arivin' in jus' seconds. Don' worry lass." As he finished the sentence, the doors were thrown open by one of the castle guards, and in walked a small crowd of Vikings.

3. Chapter 3

CHAPTER 3

Merida sat on the edge of her seat as she watched the group of about ten Vikings walk into the large throne room. The man in front was tall and large, almost bigger than her father, with a long red beard that was braided at the ends slightly. He wore a long green shirt that was covered from his waist down in metal armor as well as on his shoulders and wrists. He had a fur cloak swung around his neck and over his back. He carried himself with the air of a great warrior and he marched briskly into the stone room.

By the great man's side was a tall and thin - compared to the great Viking - young man whose face was still covered by black and brown metal visor. His torso and shoulders were covered by black armor with red detailing, Merida could see no beard on the man, but wasn't quite

sure of herself. He had a small limp, and when looking the young man thoroughly over, Merida realized that he was missing a leg, in its place was two pieces of rectangular metal strapped together by another piece of metal welded together. Even without his leg, the young man seemed to carry himself much like the larger one, with an air of a brave and great warrior.

The two men stopped in front of the four thrones at the back of the great hall and kneeled each on one knee. The large, red bearded one stood first and began to speak, "A'm Stoick the Vast, Chieftain o' teh Hairy Hooligan tribe on teh island o' Berk." As he finished speaking the smaller man stood as well, still not having removed his helmet.

Merida's father spoke to the two men in front of the royal family with a small frown upon his face, "A'm King Fergus, of teh clan o' DunBroch." After a moment of silence as the two men acknowledged each other Fergus began to speak again, "Stoick the Vast, Chieftain o' teh Hairy Hooligans o' teh island o' Berk, wha' 'as brought ye here?"

"Before we b'gin, let me introduce teh ye tah heir teh the Hairy Hooligans, and mah only son, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III." Merida was about to snort at his name, but the boy began to pull off his visor and she choked on her own spit. The boy must have only been a year or maybe two older than she herself with shaggy auburn hair and emerald green eyes that seemed to jump out from his face. His jaw was set and it gave Merida the idea that he might have been as stubborn as her, if not more.

He nodded at the royal family with a warm, crooked smile that seemed to be contagious, and bowed his head. "Your Highness'." He said in a light and airy tone, though somehow still sounding serious. The king nodded his head in recognition to the young man and looked back at Stoick.

Stoick began to speak, his voice gravelly, "It is no' mah place teh begin, Ah will let mah son begin. He knows more 'bout 'is tehn Ah do." All eyes in attendance went to the boy next to the vast man as he took a step forward to be seen from all angles. Merida could tell he was used to speaking to large crowds.

He cleared his throat awkwardly before he began speaking, "For as long as Vikings can remember we 'av been at war with monsters with scales, wings, and that breathed fire. These monsters are called Dragons." He paused a moment to let the news sink in to the crowd before continuing again, "A few years ago, Ah shot down a Night Fury dragon.

"'Is dragon was always said teh be the most dangerous o' them all, but when I found him in the woods, he didn't kill meh. I befriended him after 'at and together we stopped the war by defeating the mother o' all the dragons, the Red Death. Since then we have been at peace with one another and even keep teh Dragons as pets. An' that's one o' the things that brings us hear today."

He moved back as his father began to speak, "There're three thin's why we're here today actually. One, because o' all teh Dragons livin' with us on Berk it's gotten quiet full. Second, ter 'ave been wild Dragons 'at 'ave tunneled under teh island an' made it unstable. An'

three, a few weeks ago, when mah son was flyin' on his dragon, he went outa our border an' flew ov'r teh shore o' yer land. He saw a small nest o' Dragons on teh coast." There was a stunned silence over all the room for a few moments as the people took the strange news in.

The king broke it with a loud cough and then focused all his attention on the royals strange guests, "Wha' are ye proposing Stoick?" He asked, his voice unsure and almost wavering. Merida still sat in stunned silence as she watched the Chieftains son. Looking him up and down she rolled her eyes doubting anyone who looked like him could have done anything that herious.

The Viking Chief got down on one knee again as well as his son and all the Vikings in attendance, "We're askin' for a plot o' land somewhere on teh outskirts o' yer kingdom where we can live." Merida scoffed at the men in front of her, surely her father wouldn't even think about letting Vikings live on the same land as them.

"Why don' ye stay fer a few days? In one week we will 'ave made our decision." King Fergus answered with a nod of his head, "Now, let's 'ave a feast!" He yelled standing up and waving his hands in the air with a large smile on his face. The Viking's smiled in relief as they were walked out of the throne room so it could be changed into the great hall, dining room.

Once everyone was out of the large throne room and the servants began pushing tables into the the stone room, Merida stomped up to her father and mother her brows furrowed and her jaw set, "Da, wha' were ye thinkin'?" she shouted throwing her arms in the air and flailing them around, "They're Vikings! Ye don' know wha' they'll do!" She looked over at her mother for a moment before turning her furious eyes back to the King.

Fergus laughed at his daughter and moved his hand to pet the top of her head, "If yer so suspicious o' tem, bae with them all teh time. Am sure ye'd love 'at, righ'?" Merida knew her father was teasing her and she hated it, she was not one to be teased.

"Am just sayin' 'at ye should 'ave a guard with them. They might steal somethin'." Merida answered crossing her arms over her chest and turning her body away from her family with a humph. Her father smiled bigger and her mother's face slowly broke into an amused smirk. With all the attention on their sister, the three triplet boys sneaked out of the stone room to partake in their own form of mischief.

"Maybe ye should bae tah guard fer teh Chieftains son?" Queen Elinor stated her smirk becoming more prominent on her face as she crossed her arms and leaned her weight onto one side. "Ye seemed su interested in him 'en he was talkin'." Merida felt her cheeks turn a soft pink without her knowing why and she shook her head furiously.

Merida's father began to take part in the torture, "Ah think she should." he said turning to his wife a giant smile lacing the features of his face. Fergus turned back to his daughter a sly smile playing on his face, "Ah think ye should." Merida huffed loudly crossing her arms and glaring at her parents' mischievous faces. She turned turned towards the door and stormed out her jaw set and her

sapphire eyes ablaze.

End
file.